



In her time,
Rich Industry sat smiling on the Plain,
And Peace and Plenty told, a STUART'S Reign.
Popes Wind Torrey

1473 c. 41.

OLDISWORTH (Charles) K

THE
LOYAL MOURNER
FOR THE
Best of Princes:
Being A
COLLECTION
OF
POEMS
Sacred to the Immortal Memory
of Her late MAJESTY
Queen ANN E.

By a Society of GENTLEMEN.

*VIRTUTEM incolumem odimus
Sublatam ex oculis quærimus invidi.* Hor.

L O N D O N :

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яли я помехой
птичек.

И отец мой





THE
PREFACE.

THE Duty of an Editor is to give a faithful account of the Work he gives to the Publick; and tho' it lies in the Breast of every Reader to condemn or approve at his own Pleasure, yet he should hold himself inexcusable, if he did not say something in the Defence of this Undertaking. The Man who is offended without Reason, is the likeliest

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est to grow into Temper again without it too, and therefore to the angry Person, whose Passions and Prejudices work highest he has nothing to say, well knowing that he expects no Conviction, but what proceeds from his dear self.

To the Impartial, or those of a more serious turn of Temper, he has something to offer, which he hopes they will take well, since the following Entertainment aims only at their own Satisfaction, by attempting to recommend to them the Vertues of Her late Pious Majesty.

But to the Work : It is well known that it was formerly a Custom, and not long discontinued, for our two celebrated Universities on

occa-



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occasions of Publick Joy or Mourning, to publish English Verses as well as Latin; and the Curious may see in those Collections some as fine Pieces as any that have appeared in Print after another Manner. Instances there are abundance of this kind, to justifie my Assertion, when the Sprats and Bathursts in one University, or of later Years the Mountagues and the Stepneys in the other wrote so, as hardly ever to have exceeded themselves afterwards. But of late Years the Fashion is altered, and those Learned Bodies speak only in Greek and Latin, so that nine parts in ten who have a taste of Poetry are excluded the Benefit of becoming Readers. Not to mention that there are a great many who have no regard to the Muses upon ordinary

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ry occasions, who are very willing to bear what is said of Princes and of Kings. To make some amends for the deficiency of the Learned, and satisfy the Curiosity of the Unlearned, this Collection was begun ; and I was so happy at my first setting out, to fall upon a Poem of the late Laureat on this Occasion, the last and best that ever he wrote. This encouraged me in the Work, and I soon found that my Hands were full of Materials, and only required some time in the Choice and Disposition of the Collection. The late Queen had so endeared Her self to all Her Subjects, that I found she had made some Poets who were never intended for it by Nature. These I reckoned among the Class of well-meaning Men of short Powers, and so chose

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chose rather to speak well of their Design, than expose their Performances.

This is a true account of the Rise and Progress of this Work, which by the antedating demands of the Publick, I conjectured would be acceptable, and so by a careful choice took Care to make the Price easie to the Purchaser. The badness of the Season, and the multiplicity of other Matters in the Press, hindred my being punctual in the Performance of my Promise: But, I hope a good Deed can never be too late; and for my own part, I have only this to say to the Reader, That if there is any Thing here that can endear the Memory of that excellent Princess to Her People, or perpetu-

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ate Her Vertues, the Design and
Pains are answered of her greatest
Admirer.

Charles Oldisworth.

Jan. the 13th, 17th.



Mr.

Mr. MARSHALL'S CHARACTER OF Her late MAJESTY.

BY the *Pattern* and *Portraiture* of our late excellent *PRINCESS*; we may frame a perfect Idea of what *RULERS* *should be*, by only remembering, what *SHE* was.

IF a sense of Subjection to a Superior Power: If an Apprehension, *That God standeth in the Congregation of Princes, and is a Judge among Gods*: (If this I say,) be a prime Ingredient in the Royal Character; *This*, was wrought up in the Mind of our departed Sovereign, to its highest pitch of Influence and Efficacy. The Hours She dedicated to the more immediate Service of
Her

Her Heavenly Master, Her Publick and Private Devotions witness'd it.

THE Splendor and Grandeur of a Court, could not deface those Impressions of an early Piety, which She carried along with Her, through various Changes of Fortune, which never forsook Her till She resign'd Her Life.

HOW true She was to the Church, which bred and baptiz'd Her, was sufficiently attested by manifold Tryals, which few of Her Rank and Station have been ever put to.

WHAT She was in Her Private and Domestick Character; how Good and Gracious to those about Her; how Courteous and Affable to all; how little querulous or impatient under the Infirmities of a broken Constitution; they will ever (it is hop'd) remember with Gratitude and Affection who had the Honour of attending Her Royal Person, and thence of observing Majesty unveil'd, and descending to the Familiarities of common Life.

IN Her Conjugal State (whilst that Blessing was continu'd to Her) how rare and



and singular was the Pattern she set, of the Virtues which adorn, and which only can make it happy! The Day which sever'd the *PRINCE* from the *QUEEN*, slacken'd (we may reckon) the Bands of Union between Her Soul and Body; which after the shock of that first Convulsion, did never well accord with each other. In *him* She lost a *Friend*, who divided with Her the secret Burdens and Mournings of Her Spirit; and a *Friend* is a *Jewel* not often found amongst *Crowns* and *Scepters*, and the Blaze of Courts.

IF we ascend yet higher, from her *Private* to her more *Publick* Character; such a Scene of Wonders will thence be opened to our Memories, (the Wisdom of Her Councils, the Success of Her Arms, and the Conduct of Her Treaties,) as will deserve an Historian, equal to one of Her Noble Ancestors; † and yet will hardly find Credit from *Posterity*, even when so related. But let us rather consider Her, cloath'd, as She always was, with the *Robes of Righteousness*, with the Ornaments and Graces of the Gospel.

A

† The Earl of *Clarendon*.

A Sense of Religion, and a tender Regard to the People's Welfare, finish the Character of a Prince, after God's own Heart.

NOW what Her *Sense of Religion* was, each Day of her Life gave some signal Proof ; and none more *Signal* nor more *Exemplary*, than those which preceded Her Solemn Change ! Here Her Patience and Resignation, Her Affiance in God as Her Saviour, and Her Reverential Fear of Him as Her Judge, had all their proper Tests ; and came off from each, with Honour and with Victory.

What a tender *Regard* She had to *Her People's Welfare*, What earnest Longing to make them easy and happy, Her whole Reign is one continued Testimony : And I wish there were not too much Reason to suspect, That She Seal'd, at last, that *Testimony* with Her Death ; that She died, I mean, the sooner, for Her Care, to make us a contented and easie People.

IT is reported as a Maxim in our *Laws*, That *the Prince* can *do no wrong* ; but with *Her* it was a Maxim, that *She would do none* : So that as our *Laws* do not charge the

the Prince with *Grievances*, common *Equity* will discharge *Her* from them, whose *Will* was ever averse from them.

TO be misguided sometimes, and mispersuaded is a *Frailty*, which the most *consummate Wisdom* is not *always* exempt from ; and which the most *condescensive Natures* often lie most open to : So that Errors of *this Kind* are no otherwise to be accounted, than as the *Shades of a finished Character* ; or as the *Foils of Great and Illustrious Virtues*.

TO stick upon *these*, and to neglect a thousand *Excellencies*, is a *Barbary*, which *no Subjects*, but *English ones*, *dare* offer to the Memory of their *Sovereign* ; and *none* but the *worst* of *English ones*, *would* offer to the *Ashes* of *such a Sovereign*.

A L L Orders and Degrees of Men amongst us, have tasted *Her Indulgence* ; and (which perhaps will better commend the *Clemency* of *Her Disposition*, than the *Wisdom* of *Her Government*) even all *Parties* and *Factions* have had a Share in it.

THESE, indeed, were the standing Embarrassments and Misfortunes of *Her Reign*

Reign; what made Her *Crown*, and Her very *Life*, at last a Burden. *She could have no rest in Her Spirit*, because others would have none in *theirs*. So tenderly did She sympathize with Her People's Infirmitiess, that *their Jealousies and Fears*, were *Her Agonies and Torments*.

BUT though *all* Her People, and *all* their Concernments lay *near* her Heart; yet *none* had the Honour of a *nearer* Approach to it, than *they*, whose Province it is to *wait at the Altar*, and to *Minister in Holy Things*: Nor on *any* therefore, more strictly, than on *these*, doth *Gratitude* fasten its Bonds and Obligations.

AS Religion was Her Principal Care, and She (*a*) had set the Lord always before Her; so the (*b*) Houses of God and the Offices thereof were regarded by Her, with a Munificence proportioned to Her Sense of their Wants, and to the Importance of supplying

(*a*) Psal. xvi. 8.

(*b*) *Nehemiah* xiii. 14. Witness to this Purpose, HER Noble Gift of the *First Fruits* or *Tenths* to the poorer Clergy; and HER Royal Care, for enlarging the Opportunities of Publick Worship, by building Fifty new Churches; and for the more Regular Celebration of it, by Converting Chapels where they should be judged fit, into Parochial CHURCHES.

plying them. God we trust, *bath remembred*, and *will yet remember Her* concerning this; nor will any Time wipe out the Memory of the *good Deeds* which She hath done.

She hath now a *Rest from all Her Labours*; the *Insolencies* of *Faction* do not torture *Her*; the *Madness* of *the People* doth not affect *Her*; *Her Works follow Her*, and She feels, we doubt not, the blessed Difference between the *Scepter* of an *Earthly*, and an *Heavenly Kingdom*; between a *Crown* *furcharged* with *Cares* and *Fears*, beset with *Design* and *Interest*, and *endless Contests*, and a *Crown*, which hath All, and infinitely more than All, the *Splendor* and *Felicity* of the *former*, without the dark side of its *Incumbrances* and *Torments*. The *oppressive Weight* of the *One*, hath hastened, in all likelihood *Her Approaches* to the *other*. *Here, and Here only*, *Her People's Interests*, and *Her's* were separated; since *here She is a Gainer by their Loss*: The single *Instance* wherein She was ever so! And nothing but *Death* could have produced even *this Example*!

Let *Her* live long in the *Hearts* of *Her People*; and let *Her Name* be celebrated with

16 Q. ANNE's CHARACTER.

with Honour, even by our latest Posterity ;
Let Her Memory be ever precious with
us, as Her *Death* is *in the Sight of God* ; and
let no virulent Tongue asperse or darken it,
without our deepest Resentments, as of a
common Injury.

AND as She ever had while *Living*,
the *Hearts* of Her *People*, so would it be
ungenerous in them, were they at Her
Death to drop her *Memory* without its pro-
per *Honours*.



THE

But
From



THE
Loyal Mourner :

Being a COLLECTION of

P O E M S

*On the Death of our late Most Gracious Sovereign
QUEEN ANN E.*

The Muse's Memorial of Her late
M A J E S T Y.

*Address'd to his GRACE the Duke of
Buckinghamshire.*

HER self half dead, to find her QUEEN
expir'd,

The *Loyal Muse* to distant Shades retir'd;
But not as heretofore, to seek Relief,
From Solitude, but to indulge her Grief.

B

A Cypress-

2 POEMS on the Death of

A Cypress-Grove around the Valley grew,
And that environ'd with the fatal *Tew* ;
The Center awful with a gloomy Cave,
Delightful here, because so like the Grave :
For none but those who'd fain lay down the **Load**
Of wretched Life, will visit this Abode ;
Where Misery may rave without Restraint,
And ne'er disturb the Happy with their Plaint ;
Who with as eager Speed this Desart shun,
As hither those (oppres'd with Sorrow) run.

There stood the dismal Bow'r, where Nature
pin'd,
And Grief and Night in cold Embraces join'd ;
Here *Sorrow's Empress*, all in Sable State,
Gives Audience to the Messengers of Fate.

Hymen there languishes, sad and forlorn,
His Taper quench'd, his Nuptial Garland torn ;
With broken Bows, the mourning *Cupids* lay }
'Mongst hov'ring Sighs of Lovers, snatch'd away }
By greedy Fate, before the Nuptial Day.



Next

Queen A N N E.

3

Next Mansion, Moans of Parents, did contain;
For hopeful Heirs in Field Untimely slain.

Old *Time*, oblig'd, by strictest Charge, to make
His Reck'nings up, without the least Mistake,
Observing here, his pensive Minutes pass
With slow Advance, was forc'd to shake his Glass,
In Mis'ry's Cell, admiring at their Stay,
Who from Mirth's Mansion, wing so fast away.

Uncouth and strange, the Scenes presented here,
But this the most surprizing did appear;
The little Griefs, like foward Babes, complain'd,
The Mighty, mute as *Niobe*, remain'd,
A trickling, silent Show'r of Tears was all,
But oh! A Show'r that never ceas'd to fall.

Hither the *Muse* arrives, with frightful Air
Of Grief to Phrenzy grown, dishevel'd Hair,
And all the Symptoms of a wild Dispair.
Yet in Distraction still her Duty knew,
And to the Goddess paid Obeyfance due;
At length, as Zeal wou'd more than Nature can,
With half-recover'd Breath, she thus began:

4 POEMS on the Death of

Empress of Shades, and sacred Solitude,
That on your close Retirement I intrude,
Forgive; for tho' I come no Stranger here,
With deep Concern and Dread, I now appear, }
Upon a Visit, that will cost you dear : }
Force you with fiercer Fury to deplore,
And suffer Pangs you never felt before :
Thus spake the *Muse*, nor more had Strength to
say,
But swoln with Passion, sunk and swoon'd away.

The QUEEN aside her *Ebon* Scepter laid,
To raise the Prostrate from the Ground; and said,
I guess the tort'ring Tidings — but proceed,
For Sorrow's us'd on dismal Tales to feed,
Ill News is my Repast — 'Tis woeful Fare.
(The *Muse* replies) and I have had my Share.

As from my Cottage I withdrew, to take
My Ev'ning Walk, beside the Crystal Lake *,
A hasty Nymph and Shepherd cross'd my Way,
Who scarce allow'd a Moment's Stop, to say,

* The Thames.

Ah wretched *Muse!* Ah, Daughter of Distress!
For why?—that why, your self too soon will guess.
Your QUEEN,—*That's all,*—and then their speed
renew'd.

As if at Heels, by murd'ring Thieves persu'd,
Or suddain rouz'd from their Repose, and told,
The Wolf, the Wolf is leap'd into the Fold.

On Wings of Love and Fear to Court I flew,
Of my Dear QUEEN to take a distant View,
(Then silent to my Rural Cell repair,
As was my wont) But what a Change was there!
I saw Distraction through the Palace spread,
The Graces weeping round the Royal Bed,
And all the dazzling Train of Beauty * fled;
Nor seem'd it strange to find those Stars retir'd,
When their Celestial *Cynthia* was expir'd.

At length a Sacred and Imperial Dame,
Into the dark and silent Presence came;
Eusebia and *Britannia*, one Renown'd
For Sanctity, the next with Grandeur crown'd;

* *Ladies of the Court.*

6 POEMS *on the Death of*

Each with Her Honour's Ensign waving high,
The Signals of Her Pow'r, or Piety.

The Venerable Matron first appears,
Adorn'd with Age, and beautify'd by Years,
A Privilege conferr'd by Heaven on Her,
Who to crown'd Pomp, Heav'n's Service did prefer,
Between Extreams She Steers Her Passage; free
From Superstition, and Indecency;
No Gaudy Garbs that Pagan Pomp express,
Yet gives Devotion, a becoming Dress,
Preserv'd through Storms, by providential Care,
Religion's woeful Ruins to repair,
And still She sees Her Ark securely ride,
Tho' dash'd with furious Waves on either side;
Sublim'd by Suff'rings, under Suff'ring still,
Calm, and resign'd to the Celestial Will:
Ev'n now, altho' with pining Sorrow faint
To Ground She falls, She falls without Complaint,
Her Coronet of Stars to Earth cast down,
And on Her tender Front, a Thorny Crown:
Yet this fair Mourner, while so much distress'd;
Of Heav'n the darling Daughter was confess'd,

While

While on Her Person in such low Estate,
A Guard of Seraphs not disdain'd to wait.

August *Britannia* in that dismal Hour,
Half-blushing saw Her gen'rous *Lion Low'r* ;
He now lies grov'ling, whose once aweful Roar
Struck Terror to the Worlds remotest Shore :
Forlorn on Earth, Her Empire's *Emblems* lay ;
Her *Scepter* dropt, as weary of its Sway, }
Her *Golden Globe*, roll'd carelessly away ; }
Yet still an Air of Grandeur did confess,
Aweful in Tears, Majestick in Distress :
Both Sick with Grief, while silent both remain'd
And their big Hearts with secret Sighs restrain'd.

Not Censure's self (says Sorrow's QUEEN)
cou'd blame

Their Conduct, if their Grief to outrage came ;
Just Reason had those Matrons to deplore,
Royal *Britannia* much, Divine *Eusebia* more.
Then thus the Muse.——

As Streams, whilst by surrounding Banks with-
held,
Are hush'd, and in a silent Eddy swell'd,

8 POEMS *on the Death of*

Those Banks once broke that did their Course
controul,

With more impetuous, rapid Fury rowl,
So these fair Mourners overwhelm'd with Grief,
Burst out into Complaints, poor Suff'ers last
Relief,

But e're their sad Condolements I relate,
First let me draw those diff'rent Scenes of Fate,
In *Britain's* Court, the various Aspects seen,
When She possest, and when She lost her QUEEN:
If then your Rural Muse you will permit
Her Field and Grove and Safer Shore to quit
Unskill'd, and in a slender Skiff to make
A desp'rate Venture on the Briny-Lake,
Then gentle Goddes, this Sea-Prospect take,
You'll some Resemblance find, tho faint and short,
Between *Great Britain's* Ocean and her Court.

As when a *First-Rate* in her *Naval* Pride,
Of Flags and Pendants on a Swelling-Tide,
With such a gentle Breeze, as *Thetis* craves
To deck her Azure-Front with Curling-Waves,

And

And laughs to see her *Nereids* toil in vain
To catch the Streamers pictur'd in the Main,
Whilst twinkling Shoals aloof the Pomp pursue,
And leaping *Dolphins* catch a distant View;
The Skies Serene and Clear, the Weather Warm,
Not the least Symptom of a rising Storm;
The Company on Board, all Blith and Gay,
With Tales and Songs beguile the Watry-way;
The smiling Aspect of Earth, Sea, and Air,
All for a lasting Calm, and settled Fair.

Such was th' Appearance then of *ANNA's* Court,
A Glorious Scene, but of Endurance short.

For lo! a sudden change of Weather falls,
And dismal Gloom, that for a Tempest calls;
Now, full of Rage, for long Restraint before,
Out-rush the cavern'd Winds, with hideous Roar,
And tumble Mountain-Billows to the Shore.

One Gust blows off, and fiercer Gusts begin,
Both Elements alarm'd with dreadful Din;
Thund'ring aloft of Clouds engaging Clouds,
Here groaning Masts, torn Sails and rattling
Shrowds;

10 POEMS *on the Death of*

Flashes of Lightning give, and snatch the Day,

And rouz'd Sea-Monsters, in the Tempest play,

With glaring Eyes, and Nostrils that respire

Sulphureous Flames, and set the Flood on Fire;

All Prodigies that Terrour can create,

All Omens of inevitable Fate:

The Vessel labours, yet the Sailors strive,

To stem the Surge, while Strength and Hope survive,

Till spent, and forc'd to let her Hull, and drive.

Then feeling She has struck, with dismal Shock,

Of all her stately Frame, on some blind Rock;

That makes both Keel, and Ribs, and Rudder crack,

Till Found'ring quite, and Bulging to a Wreck;

The whole Ship's Crew, a while with dire Amaze,

And speechless Horror on each other gaze,

But when to Leaks below, her Loftier Brinks

Submit, t' o'er-whelming Waters, and she
sinks,

Then Shrieks, and Yells, and complicated
Cries,

That stun the Blust'ring Storm, and scare the
Thundring Skies.

Queen ANNE. II

Of *ANNA's* Court, such was th' Appearance
then ;

— When Goddess,— Ah! too much I've said :
That Sigh of yours shews me, I need not tell you
when.

Ah me, I've launch'd too far, and from the
Strand,

A waving Signal Summons me to Land,
And to the doleful Palace, where bereft
Of Language, we those Mournful Ladies left,
Whose Sorrows now (impatient of Restraint)
Burst out into a Torrent of Complaint ;
And first *Eusebia*, as the most distrest,
Discharg'd the Conflict of her lab'ring Breast,
In Sounds which wou'd, (by Savage *Tygers* felt)
Make Stubborn Oaks relent, and Marble Moun-
tains melt.

Oh dismal Change, too sudden, and too vast,
Ye Waves of Woe, you press on me to fast,
Since yet my Grief is green for such a loss,
As my whole Stock of Tears might well engross,
Whilst Thunder-struck, and grov'ling on the
Ground,

Of You give a second and severer Wound !

My

12 POEMS on the Death of

My *Sphere* invaded by another Night,
That had so lately lost her leading Light ;
My *Sun* extinguish'd, who with Rays Divine,
Blaz'd out, and taught my younger *Stars* to
shine,

My pow'rful *Pan* *, my ruling *Pastor* Dead !

Whose pious Care my Flocks and Shepherds
fed ;

Endu'd with Skill to work my Fold's Increase,
And Charm contending *Pastors* into *Peace* ;
Whose Life and Aspect did just Patterns give,
What Figures Angels make, and how they Live,

Divinely humble in Preferment's Height,
Nor then disdain'd on needy Worth to wait,
For Oh ; his Charity no Limits knew,
But like Heav'n's *Manna* in the gathering grew.

His Visits like an Angels, brought Relief,
To the severest Agonies of Grief ;
Th' Appearance of his Person cast an Air
Of Comfort, o'er the Confines of Despair ;
Cou'd threatening Terror of his Rage beguile,
Raise fainting Hope, and make Affliction smile.

* Prince George.

Great *ANNA*'s Self with Storms of State
opprest,

To his calm Conversation flew for Rest;

'Twas there her *Dove-like* Soul, Repose cou'd find,

VVhen all without that *Ark* was wrangling Waves
and VVind.

Where's now this Comforter? No longer seen?
On Earth no longer.—No? Then where's my
QUEEN?

To native Skies return'd.—Too large a Share
Those Skies exact.—'tis more than Earth can spare:
Thus when encroaching Seas new Conquests
make,
So much of Land, as they transform to Lake,
So much they loose on Shore, that they forsake.

Both Mortals and Immortals, Earth and Skies,
Are Suff'rers all, when Sov'reign Virtue dies:
Who to my Temple now shall lead the Way,
And there instruct Devotion how to pray?
Well have our Gen'rals led, and Souldiers fought,
But *ANNA*'s Orisons the Conquest brought;
Her fervent Vows our Troops with Courage steel'd;
She pray'd, and in her Closet, won the Field;

14 POEMS on the Death of

From thence the waiting Seraphs wing'd away,
To fix the wav'ring Fight and gain the Day.

Where now shall Meekness for Protection fly?

To whom shall shiv'ring Charity apply?

To whom shall now her Infant-Orphans cry?

See where around her *Tomb*, they take their Stands,
And wail, and sob, and wring their little Hands.

O Heav'n-born Piety, what tender Breast,
Like Hers, shall make Thee now its early Guest?

Religion, that Her Life did so adorn,

Of Her took special Charge, as soon as born;

The Virtues then a Royal *Vigil* kept,

And Graces rock'd the Cradle where she slept,

With Her to Court they came, with Her retir'd,

With Her were crown'd, with Her almost expir'd.

Expir'd!— Not so, nor shall whilst here remain
Of her fair Favourites so Bright a Train,

Whom *ANNA* worthy of her Friendship deem'd,

As they the *Saint*, as much as *QUEEN* esteem'd;

The strongest Springs that can Affection move,
Resembling Virtues drew their mutual Love:

This baffled Death in what his Spite design'd,
 Who, tho he seiz'd her Person, left behind,
 Such Copies of her most Angelick Mind : }
 Which makes my Loss (tho' vast) this Comfort
 give,

While They survive, my *Royal Saint* shall live.

Thus urg'd the sacred Matron her Complaint,
 With temper'd Passion, as became a Saint:
Britannia Hers, with more tempestuous Flame,
 And such as best, her Sov'reign self became, }
 That (with the *Mourner*) show'd th' Imperial Dame.

What ! I, that once did Foreign Nations awe,
 Gave both encroaching States, and Tyrants Law,
 Reduc'd to see so vast a Gulph between
 My present Self, and what I once have been !
 Have been ! Why that's th' Extremity of Woe,
 To have been happy if no longer so.

Ev'n *Eve*, in *Eden*, I did represent,
 When Earth and Skies contriv'd for her Content ;
 Her Bow'r besprinkled with Celestial Dew,
 No scorching Blight, nor ruff'ling Tempest knew, }
 Only *Etesian* Gales and balmy *Zephyrs* blew :

16 POEMS on the Death of

Her savage Subjects, then a harmless Throng,
Kneel'd to salute Her, as she past along,
And feather'd Choirs caref'st Her with a Song. }
The *Vine*, the *Pine*, *Pomgranate*, and the *Peach*,
With burden'd Branches bending to her Reach.
Before her Steps, a Show'r of *Jaff'mine* shed,
And Souls of *Roses* hov'ring o'er her Head.
She cropt her Garden, else the fertile Soil, (Spoil,
With crowding Flow'rs, had crush'd the fragrant }
She labour'd, but delightful was the Toil.
Serenely then return'd to her Repose,
She slept serenely, and serenely rose ;
No Dreams, or Dreams that did her Bliss improve,
And wrapt her to the Paradise above,
VVhich far those Aromatick Bow'rs excell'd ;
But now, like *Eve*, from Paradise expell'd,
My *Eden* find into a barren Soil
Transform'd ; a sad return for all my Toil :
VVhile Storms of Strife, my waking Hours molest,
And discontented Dreams, my Midnight Rest :
For a brave Race of *Britons*, once renown'd
For Arms Abroad, at Home with Plenty crown'd,

A meeker

A meager Crowd of *British* Ghosts I see ;
A pillag'd Realm, and pawn'd Posterity :
The silver Current, that shou'd freely flow,
Bankt up, and starv'd the Channel all below.
Answer me, conscious Stars ! and let me know
To what, and whom, my Grievances I owe ?
Yes, I do know—and shall, what next she said,
Of dire Corruptions thro' the Nation spread,
Strange Frauds sprung up, and Publick Spirit fled,
Of purchas'd Senates, and a People sold,
Self-sold, Law, Freedom, barter'd all for Gold :
How two grand Vices, tho' of diff'rent Kind,
And Opposites, to Ruin her, combin'd,
While those wide Waistes, lewd Luxury had made,
Were by rapacious Avarice repaid ;
(Not so, my Gen'rous QUEEN, — — — — —
Who like the *Pelican*, in Times of Need,
For craving Broods, made her own Bosom bleed.)
How jangling Parties made her Realm sustain
All Plagues, that Rage where Strife and Discord
reign :

181 POEMS on the Death of

And then prodigious Secrets did impart,
 Yes, *Prodigies*, that made the *Sun* to start;
 But ill beseems a *Muse* of Rural Cell,
 Intrigues of State to know, and worse to tell;
 And therefore from the Palace I withdrew,
 Here (grieving Goddess) to condole with you.
 But Sorrow's Empress, with Resentment fir'd,
 Cry'd out—my Province 'tis to mourn,—retir'd,
 More publick Tribute's from a *Muse* requir'd.

The *Mourning Muse*, her dewy Aspect rears,
 Like Sun-shine glitt'ring through a Show'r of Tears,
 And thus, with modest Grace—too well I know
 What to my *Royal Patroness* I owe,
 And gloriously I should the Charge fulfill,
 Were but my Strength, proportion'd to my Will:
 But whilst I gaze on Excellence so bright,
 My Sense is dazled, and I'm lost in Light;
 Yet still my Weakness can for Succour fly,
 And to th' *APOLLO* † of our Age apply.

Oh

† His Grace the Duke of Buckinghamshire.

Oh for the noble Muse that sweetly mourn'd,
 And *Death's* dark Temple *, to *Fame's* Palace
 turn'd ;
 In Sorrow's Vale, a *Cypress Grove* cou'd raise,
 That triumph'd o'er the *Myrtle* and the *Bays* ;
 A wondrous Scene of Dolor and of Dread,
 Heart-piercing Story, yet with Pleasure read,
 In Pity to the suffering Lover's Pain,
 With Sighs we read, and Sighing read again :
 But Grief can Charm, and Terror give Delight,
 When *Britain's* POLLIO condescends to write ;
 Whose God-like Genius, from their ruin'd State,
 Rescu'd the *Muses*, and revers'd their Fate :
 Then to secure their Empire, did impart
 The perfect Precepts of the *Sacred Art* † :
 That Poets, who to just Applause aspire,
 May Rage by *Rule*, and Blaze with *govern'd Fire*.
 Nor only did consult for Poet's Praise,
 But Trophies for expir'd Desert to raise ;

* A Poem of his Lordship's, call'd, The Temple of Death.

† His Lordship's Essay on Poetry.

20 POEMS on the Death of

The Charm that from Oblivion's Gulf can save,
Tomb worth, and make Reprizals on the Grave ;
Make Virtue, Truth, and Honour, from their
Hearse

Spring up, and Flourish in Immortal Verse.

If such a *Muse* the Glorious Toil embrac'd,
And with Her Images, the Subject grac'd,
Our *Royal Saint* wou'd look with Pleasure down,
And with a Smile, the beauteous Labour crown ;
While I, to solemn Shades, depriv'd of Day,
Retire, and Mourn the short Remains of Life
away.



A

P O E M

On the DEATH of

Our Late most Gracious Sovereign

Queen ANNE.

By Bishop *SMALRIDGE.*

WHEN her *Britannia* wept ELIZA's Doom,
And mourn'd with equal Tears MARIA's
Tomb,

As each deserv'd, each equal Muses drew,
Nor to their Heaven without a Poet flew ;
But now, what bolder Wing her Fame shall try ?
Who follow **A N N A** thro' the boundless Sky ?
Who shall describe in an exalted Strain,
The Wars and Triumphs of a *Female Reign* ?

22 POEMS on the Death of

Who Nations in eternal Leagues rehearse,
And PEACE well worthy an eternal Verse?

Thou, * *Sacred Dome*, whom Royal Founders
claim,

Wonted of old to grace the Royal Name,
And with a † hundred tuneful Tongues return
Thy grateful Sorrow to each PRINCE's Urn,
Do thou, with proper Notes, the Youth inspire;
Breath VIRGIL's Trumpet, touch th' HORATIAN
Lyre.

So may thy Walls to ancient Splendor rise,
And thy *Athenian* Turrets mate the Skies!

And Thou, whose Lib'ral Hand my Fortunes
rais'd,

O QUEEN! for ever Lov'd, for ever Prais'd;
Receive the Tribute which my Numbers bring,
While the Muse strikes the *Elegiac* String:
While Life was Thine, how much to Thee I owe,
How plenteous did thy Stream of Blessings flow?
O! how I grieve, for all Thy Bounty gave,
To bring this *Mournful Off'ring* to Thy Grave.

* Christ-Church.

† *The Number of Students.*

No Time shall ever from my Mind deface
 Thy Looks, Thy Glories, and Diviner Grace.
 But most Thy *Ancient Truth*, Thy *Pious Soul*.
 With constant Glowings in my Bosom roll,
 The dear Remembrance ever is imprest,
 What Love of *True Religion* warm'd Thy Breast!
 Pleas'd I revolve, as often as I brought*
 The *Suppliant's Pray'r*, and for the *Wretched*
 sought,

How *kind* you heard, how *plenteous* pour'd your
 Store,
 And tho' I ask'd for *much*, You granted *more*.
 Thus at your Sight *Affliction* grew more mild,
 And *Fortune* lost her *Anger* as You smil'd.

O had but envious Death made some *Delay*,
 And not so hasty snatch'd the *Royal Prey*:
 Then, (may Her Promises † to *me* be shown!)
 Thy Muses, *Oxford*, had Her Blessings known.
 What Domes, O Sacred *Mother*, hadst thou seen,
 The Pious Gift of a Religious QUEEN!

* Being Lord-Almoner to Her Majesty.

† Her Majesty promis'd a large Contribution towards Re-building the new Quadrangle at Christ-Church.

24 POEMS on the Death of

How had another *Area* rais'd its Head,
'And scornful o'er its ancient Ruins spread !
What Walls had rose ! what lofty Turrets crown'd,
Themes for thy Sons in future Days to sound.
But now, when here the Trav'ler turns his Eyes,
'And ah ! the great unfinish'd Labour spies ;
A double Pity rises from his View,
He mourns the Public Loss, and *Oxford's* too.

ON



ON THE

Late QUEEN's Death.

By EDWARD YOUNG, L.L.B. and Fellow of
All-Souls College, Oxon.

I Sing—but ah! my Theme I need not tell!
I See every Eye with conscious Sorrow fwell,
Who now to Verse would raise his humble Voice:
Can only shew his Duty, not his Choice.
How great the Weight of Grief our Hearts sustain!
We languish, and to speak is to complain.

Let us look back, (for who too oft can view
That most Illustrious Scene, for ever New?)
See all the Seasons shine on *ANNA's* Throne,
And pay a constant Tribute, not their own.
Her Summers Heats not Fruits alone bestow,
They reap the Harvest, and subdue the Foe;

And

26 POEMS on the Death of

And when black Storms confess the distant Sun,
Her Winters wear the Wreaths, her Summers won.
Revolving Pleasures in their Turns appear,
And Triumphs are the Product of the Year.
To crown the Whole, great Joys in greater cease,
And glorious Victory is lost in Peace.

Whence this Profusion on our favour'd Isle ?
Did partial Fortune on our Virtue smile,
Or did the Scepter, in Great *ANNA*'s Hand,
Stretch forth this rich Indulgence o'er our Land ?
Ungrateful *Britain* ! Quit thy groundless Claim,
Thy *QUEEN* and thy Good-Fortune are the same.

Hear, with Alarms our Trumpets fill the Sky ;
'Tis ANNA reigns ! The *Gallic* Squadrons fly.
We spread our Canvass to the Southern Shore ;
'Tis ANNA reigns ! the South resigns her Store.
Her Virtue smooths the Tumult of the Main,
And swells the Field with Mountains of the Slain.
Argyle and *Churchill* but the Glory share,
While Millions lye subdu'd by *ANNA*'s Pray'r.

How

LaA

How great her Zeal ! How fervent her Desire !
How did her Soul in holy Warmth expire !
Constant Devotion did her Time divide,
Not set Returns of Pleasure or of Pride :
Not want of Rest ; or the Sun's parting Ray ;
But finish'd Duty, limited the Day.
How sweet succeeding Sleep ! what lovely
Themes
Smil'd in her Thoughts, and soften'd all her
Dreams !

Her Royal Couch descending Angels spread,
And join'd their Wings, a shelter o'er her Head.

Tho' *Europe's* Wealth and Glory claim'd a Part,
Religion's Cause reign'd Mistress of her Heart :
She saw, and griev'd to see the mean Estate
Of those who round the hallow'd *Altar* wait ;
She shed her Bounty, piously profuse,
And thought it more her own in Sacred Use.

Thus on his Furrow, See ! the Tiller stand,
And fill with genial Seed his lavish Hand ;
He trusts the Kindness of the fruitful Plain,
And providently scatters all his Grain.

What

28 POEMS on the Death of

What strikes my Sight? does proud *Augusta*
rise

New to behold, and awfully surprize?

Her lofty Brow more numerous Turrets crown,
And sacred Domes, on Palaces look down:

A noble Pride of Piety is shown,

And Temples cast a Lustre on the Throne.

How would this Work another's Glory raise!

But *ANNA*'s Greatness robs her of the Praise.

Drown'd in a brighter Blaze it disappears.

Who dry'd the Widows, and the Orphans Tears?
Who stoop'd from high to succour the Distrest,
And reconcile the wounded Heart to Rest?

Great in her Goodness, well could we perceive,
Whoever sought, it was a *QUEEN* that gave.

Misfortune lost her Name, her guiltless Frown
But made another Debtor to the Crown;
And each unfriendly Stroke, from Fate we bore,
Became our Title to the Regal Store.

Thus injur'd Trees adopt a foreign Shoot,
And their Wounds blossom with a fairer Fruit.

Ye Numbers, who on your Misfortunes thriv'd,
When first the dreadful Blast of Fame arriv'd,
Say what a Shock, what Agonies you felt,
How did your Souls with tender Anguish melt!
That Grief, which Living *ANNA*'s Love supprest,
Shook like a Tempest every grateful Breast.
A second Fate our sinking Fortunes try'd !
A second Time our tender Parents dy'd !

Heroes returning from the Field we crown,
And Deify the haughty Victor's Frown.
His splendid Wealth too rashly we admire,
Catch the Disease, and burn with equal Fire:
Wisely to spend is the great Art of Gain;
And One reliev'd, transcends a Million slain.
When Time shall ask, where once *Ramillia* lay,
Or *Danube* flow'd that swept whole Troops away,
One Drop of Water, that refresh'd the Dry,
Shall rise a Fountain of Eternal Joy.

But ah ! to that unknown and distant Date,
Is Virtue's great Reward push'd off by Fate;
Here random Shafts in every Breast are found,
Virtue and Merit but provoke the Wound.

30 POEMS on the Death of

August in native Worth, and regal State,
ANNA fate Arbitress of *Europe's* Fate;
To distant Realms did every Accent fly,
And Nations watch'd each Motion of her Eye.
Silent, nor longer awful to be seen,
How small a Spot contains the mighty *QUEEN*?
No Throng of suppliant Princes mark the Place;
Where *Britain's* Greatness is compos'd in Peace:
The broken Earth is scarce discern'd to rise,
And a Stone tells us where the Monarch lies.

Thus end maturest Honours of a Crown!
This is the last Conclusion of Renown!

So when with idle Skill the wanton Boy
Breaths through his Tube; he fees, with eager Joy,
The trembling Bubble, in its rising small;
And by degrees expands the glitt'ring Ball.
But when, to full Perfection blown, it flies
High in the Air, and shines in various Dies,
The little Monarch, with a falling Tear,
Sees his World burst at once, and disappear.

TO



TO THE
MEMORY
Of Her Sacred Majesty
Queen A N N E.

AS when the Sun neglects the Northern Sphere,
And genial Warmth reforms the rigid Year,
VENUS descends in soft and wholesome Show'rs,
To deck the wanton Meads, and paint the Flow'rs,
The Virgin *Lily*, and the modest *Rose*,
Their fragrant Breasts with harmless Pride disclose,
Whilst the gay Spring with innocent Delight
Admires, Adores, and Lives upon the Sight.
If *Boreas* then should draw his Armies forth,
Or loose the Tempests of the Stormy North.

Then

32 POEMS on the Death of

Then sure Destruction all the Spring invades;
The *Rose* is blighted, and the *Lily* fades,
Th' untimely Fruit lies smother'd in the Womb,
And Nature sickens in its brightest Bloom.

Thus *Britain* flourish'd blest with great Increase,
Her Happiness continual, as her Peace,
Commerce reviv'd, and Faction was restrain'd,
And *ANNE* the Good, the Great, th' Indul-
gent, reign'd.

Distinguish'd with Majority of Cares,
She over-rul'd th' obedient World's Affairs.
Of Fortune's Throne possesst sublime she stood,
The Awe of lawless Pow'rs, the Joy of Good.
Tho' envious Nature did its Flight oppose,
Thro' *Lybia*'s fiery Heats, and *Scythian* Snows,
Her Fame untainted with a Blemish mov'd
Remotest Regions Heard, Ador'd, and Lov'd.
Secur'd from *Spanish* Mines, and *French* Dra-
goons,
Rome's fearful Bulls, and *Italy*'s Buffoons.
Secur'd in Peace, in Peace again restor'd,
By *ANNA*'s Piety, and *ANNA*'s Sword,

We dwelt upon the happy, happy Name
Whence the whole Fountain of our Comforts came.
When Heaven with mighty Power recall'd its own,
Recall'd great *ANNA*, to an Heav'ly Throne :
Then all our Joys and pleasing Views were crost,
Our Hopes were blasted, and our Prospects lost.
In vain the great Misfortune we deplore,
The boist'rous Tempest drives us from the Shire,
And all our pleasing Comforts are no more.

Now Rebel-Sons of *Belial*, you that dare,
You that delight in Blood, and court the VVar,
Now rack your Spight, and in vile Colours paint
The pious Labours of the Blessed Saint :
For know, Ungrateful, know she's gone to prove
Th' immortal Sweets of Beatifick Love;
VVhere purest Bliss, and e'en Excess of Joys,
An whole Eternity of Life employs :
VVhere Streams of Pleasure ever, ever flow,
Such Pleasures as the Saint but there can know.



An Epistle to Mr. *P O P E*,
ON THE
Death of Her late MAJESTY,
Queen ANNE,
OF BLESSED and IMMORTAL Memory.

By Mr. *ALLETT*.

Wether the Poets in melodious Song,
Or, sooth our Griefs, or flying Joys
prolong;
Or in soft Strains of Elegy wou'd move,
In late Posterity, the Tears of Love:
Nought do they merit but th' *Egyptian* Rod,
Unhallow'd Incense but prophanes a God.

'Tis

'Tis not in Verse t'embalm Great *ANNA*'s Name ;
 'Tis not in Verse to swell the Cheeks of Fame,
 If we attempt to Praise, what do we but Blaspheme ?

• Say, what bold Genius ever could define
 Th' immortal Graces of the Mind Divine ?
 Alas ! this Genius would Perfection want,
 Tho' Heav'n inspire, or tho' an Angel paint.

Yet, would our *HOMER* dare to merit praise,
 Sure 'twere *Religion* to reward his Lays.
 Would He, advent'rous sing the best of *QUEENS*,
 Each *British* Heart should praise th'immortal Lines.

Who, without Spleen can hear a sing-song Knave,
 In senseless Jingles thro' the Gamut rave ;
 Turn *Persian*, and adore each rising *Sun*,
 Yet blast those Laurels which Great *ANNA* won,
 The brightest Monarch which e're fill'd our Throne.

36 POEMS on the Death of

Be bold then, SIR, exert a *Briton's* Flame,
Extend her Glories, and exalt her Name ;
Oh ! first and last assert Great injur'd *ANNA's*
Fame.

Thine, like *Amphion's* Hand, can raise the Stone,
And from Destruction call our Factious Town ;
Make Statues weep, and ev'ry Eye to flow ;
Such Tears to Virtue and our *QUEEN* we owe !

'Tis for a Goddess we your Song command ;
A Goddess may reward *APELLES's* Hand.



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On the D E A T H of

Queen A N N E.

*Mors, utinam pavidos vitâ subducere nolles,
Sed virtus te sola daret. Lucret.*

A Wake! my Muse, awake! 'tis time to rise,
When thus the *Moon* eclips'd in Darkness
lies,
And all the *Stars*, which so resplendent shine,
Now disappear, and all their Heads decline :
Besides, the Azure Clouds do seem to weep,
As tho' some Mighty God was fall'n asleep.
An Omen 'tis, I fear, of some sad Fate,
Which does portend some Evil to our State ;
For as I walk along, methinks I hear
The *Sybil*, silent with a Panick Fear.

‘ True! for the last Words that the *Sybil* spoke
‘ Was *ANNA*'s dead, no longer me invoke ;

38 POEMS on the Death of

‘ When Pain and Anguish seiz’d her *Royal Breast*,
‘ And almost had depriv’d her of her Rest,
‘ She now, and then, a Sigh, or Tear would shed;
‘ But oh! like Frankincense, how did it spread?
‘ But having made her Peace, she clos’d her Eyes,
‘ And made her Exit with—*Great ANNA dyes.*

Why then, with others of the Sacred Lyre,
Do thou, my Muse, to sing her Praise, aspire.
Is *ANNA* dead, *ANNA!* the Wife, the Great;
Immortal *ANNA!* the *Fanaticks* Hate;

A *QUEEN!* the Glory of her Sex and Age,
Whose Death to us does future Ills presage.

Oh! Heavens, hadst thou but *ANNA*’s Life pre-
A Life by all but *Schismaticks* rever’d, (serv’d,

Who tho’ to them She did some Favour shew,
Yet still did they the more obedient grow?

Or rather did they not, such as they were,
Contrive to fill her Breast with anxious Care?

Which did the Anger of the Gods provoke,
Opprest with Grief, at last her Heart they broke.

Then might the *Clergy* freely speak their Mind,
Nor with such Treatment meet, as since they find,

When

When they might in the *Churches* pray and preach,
What Holy Scriptures of themselves do teach;

But oh! on that, my Satyrizing Muse,
Forbear to speak, and nobler Thoughts infuse;
As pious Christians, we must all submit,
To what kind *Heaven* it self for us thinks fit;
And tho' triumphant *ANNA* now is gone,
Yet still God's Anger will not always burn;
And tho' *Republicans* against her write,
As *Fiends*! in Mischief always take Delight;
Yet still the *Muses* will her Fame defend,
Till Time shall be no more, and have an End.
Tho' this is all that can by them be said,
Now She within the *Sacred Urn* is laid,
Death took her Mortal Part, but God her Spirit,
That she above might endless Bliss inherit,
And sing th' Almighty's Praise amongst the rest,
Where lives the Souls of Saints completely blest;
For as she liv'd, so living did retire,
To join in Consort with the Heavenly Quire.

40 POEMS on the Death of



A

SOLILOQUY

On the DEATH of

Queen ANNE.

I.

HOW vain are all Things here below ?
How short-liv'd is our Glory !
Misfortunes soon reduce us low,
And Death concludes our Story.

II.

Whilst in the Prime of Strength and Years,
Stern Age seems distant from us ;
E'en then we haunted are with Fears
Of future Woes upon us.

III. Amidst

III.

Amidst our Raptures of Delight,
When Mirth and Joys surround us,
Mishaps present themselves to sight ;
Our very Thoughts confound us.

IV.

To Happiness we all aspire,
But different Ways propose ;
And whilst too eager we desire,
The Bliss we seek, we lose.

V.

In vain we Wealth and Honours prize,
In vain we long for Pow'r ;
For still as we the higher rise,
We only sink the lower.

VI.

Restless, we always *Something* crave,
There's *Something* still behind ;
That *Something*'s only in the Grave,
'Tis there we Ease shall find.

VII. From

42 POEMS on the Death of

VII.

From thence the Pious, Good, and Just,
To endless Pleasures rise ;
Attended by the Heav'nly Host,
See *ANNA* mount the Skies !

VIII.

Tho' us of Comfort She bereaves,
She's now with *Seraphs* seen ;
The Joy She fought, She now receives,
VVho was both *Saint* and *Queen*.

ON



ON THE
DEATH
Of Her Majesty,
Queen ANNE.

Could mournful Verse in every Mortal raise,
Or tender Pity, or immortal Praise,
Britannia then would melt in Tears away,
And to eternal Night transform Her Day.
Than would Her Virgins in sad *Cypress* clad,
Bemoan the Fate of Princely *ANNA* dead.
The *Church*, as She has cause in Robes of Tears,
(Such now the very hardest Marble wears)
Shall weep a Flood, her Eyes find no Relief;
Uncommon as her Loss, so is her Grief.
Indulgent Mothers thus their Children moan,
Thus did Great *ANNA*, thus did She alone.

Her

44 POEMS on the Death of

Her People's Good She made Her only Care,
In Peace most Sweet, most Fortunate in War.

Ah, Death, thou Tyrant, thus to take the Good,
And leave even Virtue's Self in Widow-hood.

In Piety Her chiefest Glory lay,
They're truly Great that dare not Vice obey.

Those who to Golden Crowns and Sceptres give
More real Lustre than they do receive.

Bid fair in Time's Eternal Book to be,
But they come short, by far, Great QUEEN, of
Thee.

Ah! Glorious Prince, born for the Nation's Good,
Too late thy Worth, alas, we understood.

As Love in Absence burns with greater Heat,
It is Enjoyment only Palls the Sweet.

He that would make thy Character compleat,
May call Thee Good, Just, Wife, Sincere, and
Great,

Friend to the Church, and Patron to the Brave,
When happy You did injured Europe save,
And to Three Kingdoms, Peace and Plenty
gave,

Yet

Yet they'll succeed as common Painters do,
It is at best but an imperfect View
Of those more noble Virtues known in You.

Kings may from Her a Princely Pattern take,
And Mercy love for its own gentle sake:
Mercy the greatest Blessing Heaven e'er gave,
'Tis next to giving Life it self, to save.
No base inglorious Act e'er stain'd Her Throne,
No Law more Sacred than Her Word was known.
Thrice Happy we, if for a kind Return,
Our Love did with an equal Ardor burn.
If so much Goodness does not raise our Flame,
Ingratitude her self will Blush with Shame.
When *ANNA* fell, no Thunder-Storms were
heard,
Calm as Her peaceful Mind: As if Death fear'd,
Some Guardian Angel with officious haste,
Had born Her hence e'er he his Rites had past.
Time, that in all things else forgetful is,
Will glory more in Nothing than in this,
That *ANNA*'s Fame shall last as long as *His*.



To the Sacred
M E M O R Y
O F
Queen A N N E.

*His saltem accumulem donis, & fungar inani
Munere.* ----- Virgil.

By Mr. R. C.

WHilst *Britain's* Sons afresh their Loss
proclaim,
Emulous to celebrate Great *ANNA*'s Name.
Upbraid base Faction with the horrid Sin,
Of imp'ously prophaning such a QUEEN.
Do thou, my Muse, assist the mournful Quire;
Let the sad Theme, thy tender Soul inspire.

Thy

Thy lowly Lays in *ANNA's* Praises try,
Thy Zeal, thy want of Skill shall well supply.
But where wilt thou the mighty Task begin;
Or, how unfold the great, the wond'rous Scene?
Each Scene of Life does so amaze the Eye?
'Tis dazel'd at the vast Variety;
Nor can we tell what Action most to praise,
Where ev'ry Act does equal Wonder raise.

So when some Draught of *Raphael's* Hand we
view,

With curious Eyes each Beauty we persue.
Mixt with such Skill the blended Colours shine,
Such Nature, so much Strength, in evcry Line,
With Wonder we pronounce the Piece divine.
But where to fix, which Part to praise the most,
We know not, in the pleasing Transport lost.

Heav'ns glorious Master-piece in *ANNA's*
Mind,
The Great, the Good, the Merciful, was joyn'd.
Her Soul, of every Virtue was possest,
And every Grace, resided in Her Breast.

Each

48 POEMS *on the Death of*

So just did She each Stage of Life adorn,
As tho' a Pattern to the World were born.
Ne'er sure were Royal Virtues more diffus'd,
Nor e'er were Royal Virtues better us'd ;
Justice and Mercy both did here unite,
But God-like Mercy was Her chief Delight.
When e'er our Crimes the Sword of Justice drew,
Her Nature wept ev'n Justice to persue,
Like gracious Heav'n still ready to relent,
More pleas'd with Mercy, than with Punishment.

Let Envy say, Did Cruelty e'er Stain
Her Mild, Her Gentle, and Her Easy Reign ?
Did e'er our QUEEN delight in Subjects Blood ?
In whose were e'er Her Royal Hands embru'd ?
No, She was ever Gracious, ever Mild,
Like a fond Mother to Her tender Child.

With kind Compassion from Her gracious
Throne,
On suff'ring Virtue still did She look down.
The poor She always had in great Regard ;
None told their Wants and went without Re-
ward.

Her

Her pious Hands were ever doing Good,
And constant Favours on all Ranks bestow'd:
All Ranks Her Loss with equal Justice mourn,
And fill with grateful Tears Her Sacred Urn.

Oh! could my Muse describe the glorious
Saint!

Her pure Devotion in the Temple Paint!
Tell me, ye holy Men that waited there,
Was it not Heav'n to see Your QUEEN in Pray'r?
Did not officious Angels from on high,
Descend, and waft each Accent to the Sky?
And when She took the Eucharistick Feast,
Did not Seraphick Beams Her radiant Head in-
vest?

Oh! Royal *ANNE*, could not these Virtues
save

From cruel Death and the destructive Grave?
Could not our Pray'rs the fatal Stroke prevent,
And force the barb'rous Tyrant to relent?
In vain were Pray'rs, in vain all humane Aid,
In vain was Virtue, Virtue's Self fell dead,
And in our Glorious QUEEN the bright *Astrea*
fled.

50 POEMS on the Death of

Was it for this, thou gav'st *Britannia* Peace,
And mad'st the horrid Din of Discord cease?
For this, did'st thou asswage War's bloody Strife?
To dedicate to Heav'n thy future Life?
But thou, nor Peace, nor Life on Earth must see
Launcht out into the Ocean of Eternity.
Thy Noble Soul disdaining humane Bliss,
Capacious of Eternal Happiness;
Broke from its Prison here, and took its Flight
To the calm Regions of Meridian Light.
There, there, thou sit'st upon a glorious Throne,
Changing an Earthly for an Heav'nly Crown.

Look down from thence, O Saint, serenely
bright!

Still be thy Mem'ry precious in our Sight,
Still may *Britannia* reverence thy Name,
And all thy Great, thy God-like Acts proclaim.
May the vile Malice of no fland'ring Tongue
Dare offer to thy Sacred Ashes Wrong!
So may'st thou to our Pray'r's propitious prove,
Accept this Off'ring of our zealous Love,
And of our *Queen* on Earth, become our Saint
above!

A Pin-



A

Pindarique ODE,
Sacred to the
M E M O R Y
O F
Her Late most excellent Majesty,
Queen ANNE.

Writ soon after her Death.

By W. PAUL, A. B. of Wadham-College, Oxon.

I.

A Dieu, eternally adieu, thrice happy Train
Of Graces, Smiles, and young Desire;
Of soft Content, and am'rous Fire;
The Glories of your peaceful Reign
Must bless no more, so Fate decrees! your
mournful Swain.

52 POEMS on the Death of

Break, break my Muse, thy Lyre; the dancing
Strings,
That sung in lofty Numbers, lofty Things,
Now mute, now unharmonious lye,
The soft Embraces of the Fingers fly,
And never more will sound of Harmony or Joy.

For great *Eliza*, that inspir'd thy Songs,
Whose mighty Virtues, mighty Wrongs,
Were thy eternal Theme,

Like *Cæsar* now, or greater *Charles*, is nothing
but a Name.

Come all *Britannia's* Sons, your Loss deplore,
For your belov'd *Eliza* is no more!

Weep, for ever Weep, and Moan,
For ever Sigh, and Groan,
Till Tears no more can flow,
Petrified, like *Niobe*, with Woe.

II.

Weep, *Helicon*, thy Fountain dry;
Thy Streams no more inspire,
Nor fwell the Poet's Breast with God-like Fire:

The

The Virtues, which they proudly boast,
Ith' gloomy Horrors of her Grave eternally
are lost.

Laurels, Smiles, and pompous Praise,
The richest Tribute, which th' ungrateful
Vulgar pays,
Were but the Embryo-Birth
She gave to learned Worth:

Each Candidate of Art, in Time, was blest
With Title, Wealth, or honourable Trust.

None, tho' the meanest Son of Earth,
If Merit glitter'd thro' this humble Clay,
But by her Favours she wou'd dignify his Birth,
File his Native Rust away,
Call from a Cott, and fix him near her Throne.
Thus oft great *Jove* on Earth has turn'd his Eyes,
And found some Virtue tatter'd, and forlorn,
To Hatred damn'd, and Scorn,
But hot with Indignation grown
(Mankind's Injustice seen)
Swifter than Thought he shifts the Scene,
Snatches him thence, and seats him in the Skies.

III.

But most, ye Sons of *Levi*, mourn,
Ope' all the Sluices of your Eyes,
And write Life off in Elegies ;
For your bleſſ'd Patroness is now no more !

Who of all the sacred Train,
That at the Altar ſerv'd, e'er ſerv'd in vain ?

How did ſhe grieve the hapleſs State
Of thoſe, whom niggard Fate
Had funk to meagre Poverty, and Want !

Say, Mufe, did She not more than Grieve ?
Her Royal Grant
Lightned their Load of Care,
And bid 'em offer, like the Sons of Heav'n,
the Sacrifice of Pray'r.

Nor was her Bounty ſtinted here,
To th' Orphan, Widow, and the Slave,
With lavish Hand She gave.

And upon ev'ry Child of Woe her Blessings
Showr'd.

Not more diſſuſive Goodneſs boaſts the Sun,
Whose golden Beams eternally are thrown

Around

Around the World, in beautiful Array,
To bless Mankind with genial Heat, and the
bright Glories of the Day.

Vespasian, whose Imperial Name
Triumphant rides upon the Wings of Fame,
That measur'd Time's swift Hand,
Not by the Ebb and Flow of Sand,
But the more reg'lar Motions of his Mind,
Which ev'ry Beat, struck Blessings to Mankind,
No more Illustrious Shade shall men-
tion'd be,
But as the Type of Thee.

IV.

What Flames of Zeal, what Pangs of sacred Love
Her Actions influenc'd, and her Passions sway'd!

Scarce the bright Choir above,
That chaunt eternal Lays,
Eternal Love to their great Maker's Praise,
Such Heights of Duty reach, as good *Eliza*, paid!
Foul Sin, for ever haunted with a num'rous Train
Of ghastly Fiends, that with Remorse, and Pain,
Lash the black Soul, were banish'd from her Reign:

56 POEMS on the Death of

Which ran out gently on the Poles of Time,
Free from the least Suspicion of a Crime ;
Each Scene unchequer'd, with the motly Brood
Of Lust, Ambition, Tyranny, or Blood,
Great without Pride was drawn, and, without
Superstition, good.

V.

What unexhausted Springs of Mercy flow'd
From Her right Hand,
And water'd all the Land !
Even on Her ungrateful Foes
For Some, repining at the sacred Flame,
Her Virtues shot, full infamously wore that Name,
Like the poor Dastard Birds of Night,
That bask in Gloom, and shudder in the Light.
The pious Soul a Waite of Blessings throws !
A Waste the Muse may sure with Justice call,
The Liberality bestow'd
On the Re-publick, snarling Crowd,
That durst profane their Prince, and God.

VI. *Apollo's*

VI.

58 POEMS on the Death of

That ev'ry curious Spring, and ev'ry Part,
With Order, Peace, and Happiness, was
crown'd.

Just so th' Almighty does whole Nature move
In Peace, and Order, Harmony, and Love.

No Rebel-Atom durst prepare
For ruinous Fight, and justle into VVar ;
But all the Elements their native Enmity resign,
His Providence chalks out the Barrier-Line,
Which bounds their Pow'r, and bids 'em in strict
Friendship join,

VII.

Lewis the Great, whose daring Mind
Swells, as the Sea, and blusters, as the Wind,
Whose motly Frame, like *Ætna*, does expire,
Snow on the Top, and from the Bottom Fire,
Who the vast Limits of his *France* Disdains,
And tugs to bind the Universe in Chains,
From the big Din of War, and dread Alarms,
Beg'd a Cessation, and resign'd his Arms :

ANNA's Superior Genius hurl'd
Down from his Head,
His Purple Honours, and his burning Lust
Of Pow'r, and dash'd 'em in the Dust;
Swift as the Wings of Light they
And freed from Panick Fear the trembling World,
Then smiling Peace shone out in bright Array,
Down thro' the *Etherial* Plain she wing'd her
Way,
Whirl'd back the Clouds, and sprung upon the
Day.

VIII.

But hold, ambitious Musc, to what a tow'ring
Height

Would'st thou advance thy daring Flight?

Not all the tuneful Nine,

With all th' *Empyreal* Fire they boast, can raise
Just Monuments of Praise

To great *Eliza's* Name,

Which more than Fame can give, tho' all Divine
She be, with Modesty may ask from Fame.

To

60 POEMS on the Death of

To say the Goddess of the *Cyprian* Grove,
With all her killing Charms of Love,
To say *Lucretia*, Pride of ancient *Rome*,
(Less famous for it's Conquest than her Doom)
Must drop the Chast, the beauteous Prize,
Eclips'd by Her more spotless Thoughts, and Her
more pow'rful Eyes;
To say the Charms of Her whole Sex combin'd,
To grace Her Form, and beautify Her Mind,
Speak not Her Merits, but the Muses Phlegm,
Too weak to reach the Height of such a lofty
Theme.

IX.

But see the sudain Turn of Fate !
This Tyde of Glory, and this Shine of State,
By our *Eliza* won with Sweat, and Pain,
Like *Sisyphus* his Stone,
No sooner to the Top were grown,
But down the slipp'ry Precipice they roll'd again.
Death, with meagre Face, step'd in,
And, with his fatal Knife,
Struck off the Thread of Life,
And clos'd the pompous Scene.

But

But Heav'ns! how patiently She bore
The Tyrant's Grasp, and baffled all his Pow'r!
No lab'ring Groan, no thick-breath'd Sigh
was heard,
No brinish Rain spouting from Eyes appear'd.
But Joy, with downy Wings, and comely Grace,
And sacred Love, sat smiling in her Face;
The Soul sprung thro' Her Tenement of Clay,
Exulting loud at Nature's prosp'rous Fight,
And, thro' the milky Way,
Swift, as a Flash of Light,
Shot to the glorious Regions of eternal Day.

Thus the gay Sun, that with brisk March, does
move
Around the Crystal Plains above,
First mounting from his wavy Bed,
Does o'er the Heav'ns a shining Glory
spread,
But, at his Set, a bigger Blaze of Rays adorns
his Head.



TO THE
Pious MEMORY,
*Of our Late Most Excellent
Queen ANNE, &c.*

By JOHN ROGERSON, M. A. *Master of
St. Olave's Free-School, Southwark.*

HAIL Sacred *ANNE*! with endless Glory
crown'd,
Too good for Earth, too good for *British* Ground;
Oh! cou'd I rate thy Worth, I wou'd in Verse
Proclaim Thy Fame, Thy mighty Deeds rehearse;
But I must own, it is above my Skill,
And my weak Hand prevents my willing Quill.
Yet Blessed Saint! permit me to bestow,
Some Tears unfeign'd upon thy Shrine below,
Tears, the just Tribute, we *Good PRINCES* owe.

Let

Let none Thy Sacred Ashes trample on
Unpunish'd, now Thou'st left thy Earthly Throne;
They who rejoice, that *Israel's* Beauty's dead,
Ungrateful Wretches are to crowned Head ;
A N N E was the Church's Glory and Renown,
Once Joy, now Grief of True Sons of the Gown.
They surely then, God's Judgments never dread,
Who now can sing, and triumph, that She's dead;
Dead did I say, forbid it Heav'n that She
Shou'd ever die, but be alive to me.

ON



ON
Her MAJESTY'S
DEATH.

By Mr. GANDY.

UNgrateful *Britain*! what will *Europe* say,
If Sacred *ANNA* thus must slide away?
No Bays, no Laurels, to adorn Her Hearse,
Who was the Goddess of our Arms and Verse!
The Guardian Angel of our sacred Dome,
Who kept *Geneva* off, as far as *Rome*!
For both *Pontific*, and *Schismatick* Chair,
Nay, all the World of Errors stood in fear,
And of Hersafe Restrингents had a wholesome
Share.

The Crozier blossom'd, as did *Aaron's Rod*,
And shew'd the Best of Churches serv'd her
God.

No shorn *Ignatian's* dar'd infest our Isle,
Nor *John Alask* a Gracious Prince beguile.

Tork held the Oar, Majestic *ANNA* fate
A pious Rectrix at the Helm of State.

No foaming Billows dar'd insult the Main,
For *Tork* was Pilot, and 'twas *ANNA's* Reign.

No clashing Swords at Land, alarm'd our Ears,
No Civil Discords, or Domestic Fears.

No *Stygian* Paths, b' infernal Russians trod,
No *British* Daggers dy'd in *British* Blood.

No dire Contentions did our Joys allay,
But all our Strife, was, who shou'd most obey.

The Sword was sheath'd, and Foreign Slaughters
cease,

And all was Harmony, and Love, and Peace.

The *Flower de Luce* was Dead, and all in view,
Appear'd as Verdant as our Peace was New.

The *Belgic-Lion* roar'd, and *Austria* saw,
Her *Eagle* must submit to Martial-Law;

66 POEMS on the Death of

Because the *Thistle*, for succeeding time,
Was barr'd from Sprouting in a neigh'bring
Clime.

Munich and *Bonne* threw all Resentments down,
And serv'd the *Eagle*, in a *British* Crown.

Thus *Europe* smil'd, and gave Great *ANNA*
Praife,

For She from Her enjoy'd those golden Days:

Thus *Europe* truckled, thus the *Empress* sway'd,
While some for Fear, but more for Love obey'd.
Thus did *Great-Britain*, in her Zenith shine,

And blest the Glorious Relict of the Royal Line.

The *UNION* clapt her Wings, and stalkt in
State.

And nothing mourn'd so much as *Gloster*'s fate:
Plung'd in that Charm the Vessel still had reel'd,
Had not *Sophia* the slack Canvass fill'd.

The *Senate*'s Caution, and Her Princely Care,
Thus blest our Orphan Isle with an Illustrious
Heir;

Whose future Princes from Her golden Chain,
Of Princely Vertues, and Her Standard Reign,
An uncorrupted Glory may attain.

Mourn

Mourn *Britain*, for if Heav'n e'er design'd
A Prince to be the Darling of Mankind,
'Twas *She*, and *She* (how can that Word be
said ?)

Our Nostrils Breath, the Mighty *ANNA's*
Dead.

Mourn *Belgia* Mourn, in Mourning *Austria* go,
Suevia may Mourn, and so may *Gallia* too :
Europa Mourn, and in sad Confort say,
The matchless *ANNA's* gone *Astræa's* fled away]



A

POEM

Occasion'd by the

Death of Her late MAJESTY.

REtir'd within my self, thus long to mourn,
Despairing of my former Joy's return;
Confin'd to mournful melancholy Thought,
Whose Cause, excess of Grief alone has wrought,
No Remedy to mitigate my Woe,
Besides what Tears and deepest Sighs allow:
Fain I from Words wou'd seek for some Relief,
Desiring thence no Cure, but Ease from Grief:
But oh! the Subject now becomes too great,
For Sighs and Tears to show, or Words repeat:
This fatal Truth does *Albion* now confess,
And knows not how Her Sorrows to express;

Bur

But for Heav'ns Promise, which prevents my
Fears,

I shou'd expect a fecond Flood by Tears:

Time, which has ever yet been found to be,

Against such Ills, a Sov'reign Remedy,

Will useless now, and ineffectual prove,

And must our selves, if it our Grief remove:

For all till Death must this great Loss deplore,

When Time it self with us can be no more.

For ever Sacred be Her Memory;

From swift-pac'd Time's destructive Power free,

'Till swallow'd with it in Eternity.

What Blessings did we promise to our Isle?

What blooming Hopes did adverse Fate beguile?

Those ill Examples which in Courts abound,

(Where Vice in all alluring Shapes is found;)

Caus'd on Her well fix'd Vertues no Restraint;

Like Mercy kind, and Pious as a Saint.

Ne'er were in one so many Graces seen;

Meek, tho' so Great, and Humble, tho' a QUEEN.

Vice in a Torrent long o're-flow'd the Land,

Which She alone was able to withstand:

70 POEMS on the Death of

Nor only so, but stemm'd th' increasing Flood,
And shew'd the Excellence of being Good.

This She durst do, and do at such a Time,
When Vice was hugg'd, and Virtue thought a
Crime.

Virtue felt an Eclipse till She appear'd ;
And scarce more than the Name was known or
heard.

What Virtues scatter'd in the Sex appear
In Her, a glorious Constellation were.

We now (since She from Care below's releas'd)
May truly say that Miracles are ceas'd.

But say, Oh ! Whither, whither is She fled ?
Methinks I hear Grief whisper, She is Dead.
Oh ! never say She's Dead, can such Worth be,
Like us, subjected to Mortality ?
Say rather, on an Embassy She's gone,
(As none so fit) to the Celestial Throne,
(As whilst on Earth we were Her chiefest Care,
So now) to fix a firm Alliance there.

ON



ON

Queen ANNE's

D E A T H.

By Mr. GREGG.

IN gloomy Scenes of Grief *BRITANNIA*
lies,

Fates cut the Thread, illustrious *ANNA* dies.

The fatal Stroke spreads Terrors all around,
In Briny Tears each Loyal Subject's drown'd,
From Heaven's high vaulted Arch their dread-
ful Cries resound.

Struck with Despair, the headless People fly,
The dismal Prospect of a low'ring Sky,
Accuse the lingring Fates, and wish to dye.
Since *ANNA* is no more and Virtue fled,
To th' blissful Regions *Britain's* Genius dead.

72 POEMS *on the Death of*

Our Sighs are lost, and Floods of Tears are vain,
Elzian Shades, our noblest parts retain,
Nor can fate now restore the Bliss again.
Cease therefore *Britons* to lament Her Death,
Since She serene and calm resign'd Her Breath.
Conscious of nought that could disturb Her Breast,
Smiles in Her Agonies, and seems at rest.
Her Country's safety, and its Faith's Defence,
Relief of th' Injur'd, Guard of Innocence.
With equal Justice did Her Laws maintain,
And Heaven well pleas'd smil'd on Her Glorious
Reign.



•On the much lamented D E A T H
OF THE
Most Pious and Illustrious Princess,

Her late M A J E S T Y,

Queen A N N E.

Who died, *August 1. 1714.*

FROM joyous Songs, and from the vocal
Groves,

Which *Camus* cherishes, or *Iris* loves ;

Ye Sacred Sisters, whose harmonious Sound

Diffus'd the gladsom Notes of Peace around.

Too soon by cruel Fate you're call'd away,

To cease your Triumphs for that happy Day.

A sudden Cloud o'ertakes your rising Sun,

And veils the Glories which were scarce begun.

Your

74 POEMS on the Death of
Your Royal Mistress, whose Indulgent Reign
New strung your Harps, and swell'd each sprightly
Strain;

She whose dear Life was all you wish'd to have,
All that could crown the Blessings which she gave,
Is now no more, the fleeting Joy is past,
Too good, too great, too exquisite to last.
Unworthy we ! Just Heaven resumes its own,
To call such Virtue to a brighter Throne,
Where no Ingrates, no Clamours can molest
The Realms of Peace, and her Eternal Rest :
There shall she live from Cares of Empire free,
Nor bear the tedious Pains of dull Mortality.
That Clime no Storms of Rage or Envy knows,
But leaves far off the Trains of human Woes.
The bright Inhabitants a Calm enjoy,
Sweet as those Objects which their Souls employ.
Pleasure is here a visionary Taste, [waste.]
But there a solid Good, which Time can never
Ye bleſſ'd, from your Immortal Seats arise,
Receive the Darling of our weeping Eyes,
She bleſſ'd our Earth, and will adorn your Skies. }
Receive

Receive her as no Stranger to the Place,

But worthy of the Pious Martyr's Race.

Long since to your Abode the Way she knew,

And tho' she liv'd with us, convers'd with you.

No Day her Sacred Tribute e'er detain'd,

To him she still address'd by whom she reign'd;

To him with holy Violence she su'd,

Whose Graces her Celestial Mind imbu'd.

This was the Vital Flame which warm'd her Heart,

Where vain Ambition never bore a Part.

Thus arm'd, Heaven's Foes, and *Britain's* she
withstood,

In Meekness Great, and obstinately Good.

To Heaven behold her prostrate lowly down,

And Greater so, than circled with a Crown;

That splendid Burthen could not tempt her Eye,

Well taught, and well prepar'd to lay it by.

Her People's Happiness was all her Care,

With this no Wealth of *Indies* could compare,

Nor all the dazzling Pomp that *Asian* Monarchs
wear.

Britannia all her Sovereign's Love possess'd,

And reign'd unrival'd in the Royal Breast.

From that rich Source auspicious Kindness flow'd,
And smiling Joys on all around bestow'd.

Scarce in more tender Streams the Current run,
To her dear Consort, or her blooming Son.

Tho' who can tell the Wife's or Mother's Pain,
For young *Marcellus* *, and the Royal *Dane* †.

But grudge we not those happy Shades their Due,
In loving them she lov'd her People too.

Hail Mighty Dead ! no more shall Fate disjoin
Your Sacred Love, or interrupt its Line,
'Twas more than Mortal here, but now 'tis all
Divine.

But where, O where, wou'd roving Thought
aspire,

As touch'd with Beams of the Celestial Fire ?

The Glorious State is shut from human View,
And *Albion's* Loss will Sighs and Tears renew.

ANNA no more shall grace the Sphere below,
But mournful we the sad Procession go,
And wait around her Tomb, the Dreary Vale
of Woe.

Attend,

* *The Duke of Glo'ster.*

† *Prince George.*

Attend ye *Britons* on the Royal Urn,
For such a **QUEEN** 'tis impious not to mourn.
But chiefly you whom Sacred Duty ties,
The last religious Rites to solemnize ;
Ye venerable Worthies of the Gown,
Who *ANNA*'s Bounties have so largely known,
Return your grateful Tribute to her Name,
Her bright Example to the World proclaim,
And tho' she's gone, still keep her in her Fame.
For well she lov'd, and pitied all your Wrongs,
Sav'd you from Want, and from opprobrious
Tongues.

Yet to her Memory no Temples raise,
Her self has fix'd those Monuments of Praise.
This noble Piety will far out-vie
Whatever Efforts human Arts can try :
Shall live when Nature is it self decay'd,
When the last Ruin shall the World invade,
And Pyramids shall sink, in long Oblivion laid.



ON
 Sir Godfrey Kneller's
 Last PICTURE of
 Her M A J E S T Y.

STAY Passenger, if you have Time, and see
 The Royal *ANNA* in Effigie :
 As in th' Original the Shades descry
 True Signs of Virtue, as of Majesty ;
 Next view Her Great in War, as when She sent
 Her conqu'ring Armies thro' the Continent.
 But *CATO* like, she dy'd before she'd see
 Her People ruin'd by a Ministry †.
 Now first lament her Fate, then own thou'st seen,
 The finest Picture of the finest QUEEN.

† Plainly evidenc'd, by Her Majesty's taking the Staff from the Earl of Oxford.



To the QUEEN,

On the

PEACE.

By Dr. A D A M S.

Greates of QUEENS, who make, while You
preside,

Europe the World's, and Britain Europe's Pride ;
Now full-grown Conquest offers at your Feet
Her ripen'd Harvest, and her Fruits complete,
The destin'd Turns of happy Times appear,
And of the Great, rolls on the Greatest Tear.

PALLAS now quits her Shield, serene her Face

In peaceful Ornaments, and milder Grace,
To you she dedicates her diff'rent Pow'rs,
And all the Goddess and her Arts are Yours.

The Earth in Storms, and Tumults late engag'd,
While Armies battled, and while Faction rag'd,
Now

Now on her blissful *Calm* her Thoughts employs,
 And wonders at the Blessings she enjoys.
 Mean while in cloudless Majesty is seen
Goodness with explicated Brow serene,
 The finish'd Deed the mighty Author loves,
 And in its own Effects, it self approves.

So when Almighty Power the *Chaos* broke,
 And *Light* from *Darkness* into Being spoke,
 Eternal Wisdom smil'd upon the Draught,
 Praising the Work, which He himself had
 wrought.

See, mighty *QUEEN*, thy Fleets securely sweep
 The subject Seas, and Kingdoms of the Deep ;
 The fruitful *Earth*, and boundless *Ocean* too,
 Freed by your Hands, their Tribute pay to *You*.
Britannia's blooming Heroes die no more
 The fatal *Scheld*, or *Ister*'s Purple Shore :
 Triumphs obtain'd at that Expence of Blood
 Lost half their Value by so dear a Flood,
Gallia enslav'd with all her Pomp, and State
 Were a sad *Purchase* at so high a *Rate*.

But ye illustrious Shades rejoice below,
Share ye your Country's Bliss, who shar'd her Woe;
Your Country now, in PEACE securely Great,
Receives the *Price* of your untimely Fate.

But thou *Britannia's* Pride, whose pow'rful
Hand
Asserts the Empire of the *Sea*, and *Land*,
Whose Providence *Europa's* Guardian prov'd,
Blessing the *World*, by all the *World* belov'd.
Tho' your Bright Court the crowding Nations
draws
And *Kings* contend to crown you with Applause,
Yet not averse, accept our lesser Praise
The meander *Muse*, and her officious Lays,
Accept her Lays, but with that Gracious Eye
That bids tumultuous *War*, and *Faction* die,
Your *Thunder* now laid down propitious hear,
And in your milder *Attributes* appear.



Serenissimæ REGINÆ

A N N A E

E P I T A P H I U M.

PLaudite, Cœlicolæ, quia vobis additur ANNA,
Et nunc cum CAROLO Martyre regnat ovans:
Quæq; dedit Pacem in terris, *Regina beata,*
Æterna in Cœlis præmia Pacis habet.

Johannes Freeman.



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